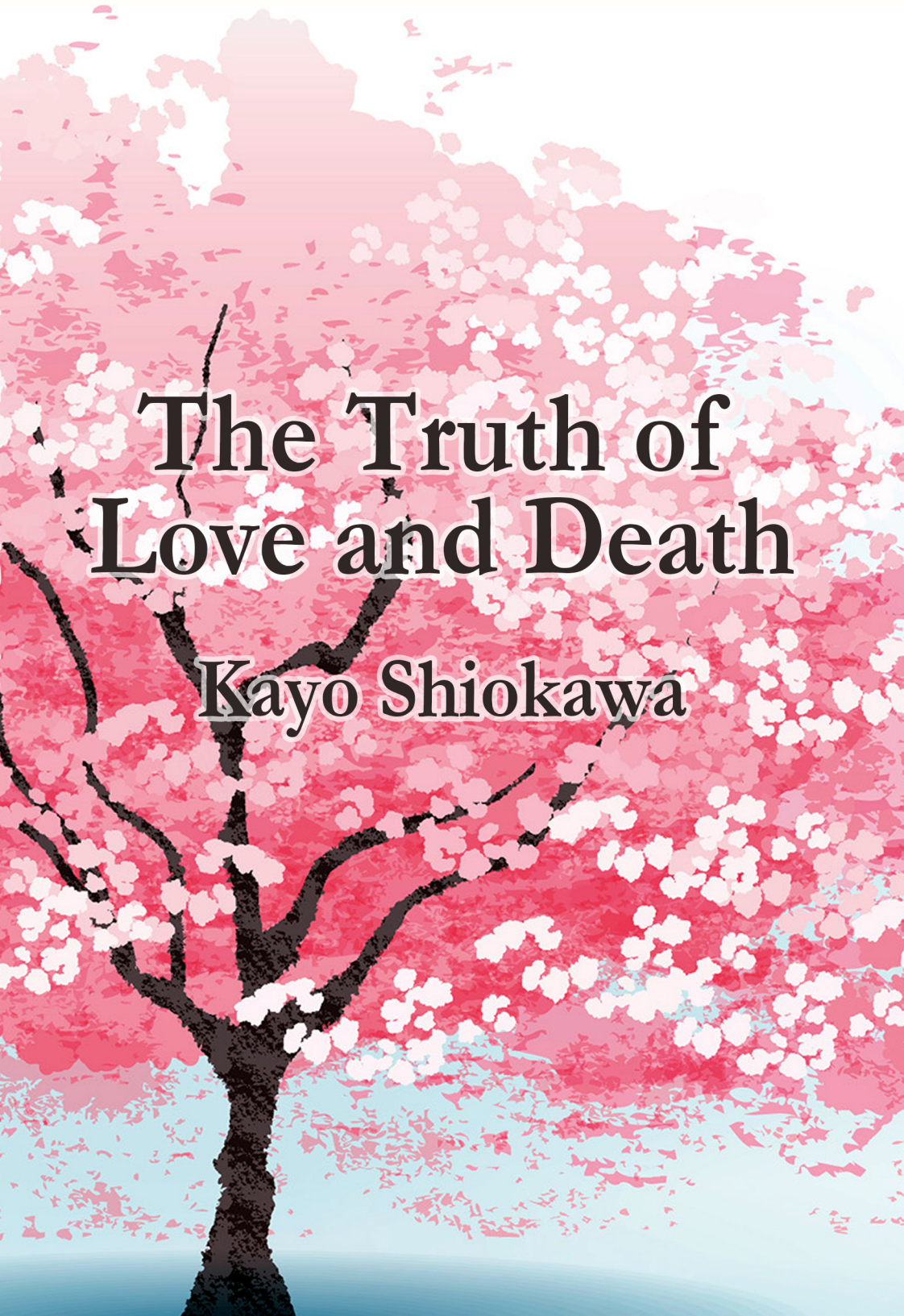
The Truth of
Love and Death
Kayo Shiokawa

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UTA BOOK

The Truth of Love and Death invites readers to look beyond the illusions of everyday life and face two universal themes with new eyes: love and death.
This is not a book of doctrines, but a call to turn inward —through reflection and meditation—to discover the love that flows at the core of existence.
In touching this truth, even death is no longer a source of fear; it becomes a return to the universe —a movement of joy.

The Truth of Love and Death

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Kayo Shiokawa

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Books:Arigatou, Ishiki no Tenkai, Ishiki no Nagare, Zoku Ishiki no Nagare and other books

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Nice to meet you

This book is not a guide to daily life, nor is it a religious doctrine.

Rather, it marks the beginning of a journey to discover what "love" and "death" truly mean when reflected within one's own heart.

We have long been swayed by illusory love and by lives bound to appearances, yet only by awakening to what lies beyond them can we begin to know our true selves.

The greeting "Nice to meet you" is not directed outward to others, but inward—signaling the first encounter with the true self.

Hello, everyone.

My name is Kayo Shiokawa. I was born on March 9, 1959, the Year of the Boar, and I am now fifty-eight years old. I am an ordinary woman.

And I truly believe it is fortunate that I am ordinary and unremarkable. Had I been blessed with some special talent or outstanding quality, it would have been far more difficult for me to walk straight on the path I now feel and see within my heart. That is how unusual the content I am about to share with you is.

For those of us living in a world where we rely on what we see and hear, it is not easy to discern what is true, or to recognize what real joy and genuine happiness are. I would like to say this at the outset.

Today, we live in an age where almost any information can be obtained by searching online. We can gather knowledge and share pleasures from the comfort of our own homes. Yet along with these conveniences, countless problems have also arisen. Computers, mobile phones, and smartphones will only continue to penetrate deeper into our daily lives. As this happens, those who cannot keep up with these tools may appear to fall behind, almost as if dropping out of society. But is that really so?

Does a life spent riding the waves of the times and skillfully taking advantage of convenience truly amount to happiness, joy, and fulfillment?

Here, I would like to make a suggestion. Why not set aside, even briefly, the flood of information that surrounds you?

Instead, ask yourself—listen quietly to your own heart. Create a space, however small, each day for such stillness and reflection.

Many people cannot let go of their phones or feel that a day without a computer is boring. Perhaps that is simply the nature of our times. It may be harmless if it remains a casual habit, but for some, it has already become an addiction, bringing not pleasure but worry and suffering. That is why I feel it is all the more important to moderate such things and carve out time to face yourself directly.

Why not try, without relying on external things, to rest in stillness and give your attention to what stirs and resonates within your heart? Looking back, has your daily life become no more than chasing what is right in front of you? Are you truly taking care of yourself?

Do you really understand what it means to take care of yourself? I believe many people think they are, yet in truth they are not. And yet, we human beings have already reached the time when we must begin to care for ourselves in the truest sense. From here on, I believe we will all be urged to do so more strongly.

The time will soon come when we must face ourselves squarely, with honesty and courage.

Are you not lonely?

Everyone carries loneliness deep within.

No matter how lively life appears on the surface, an emptiness lingers that cannot be filled even by loved ones, wealth, or status.

This unhealed void arises from not knowing the true self.

As long as we live under the sway of the false self-image, loneliness will persist.

This section questions the very nature of loneliness and invites readers to step toward the doorway to true love.

Are you not lonely?

Do you ever feel all alone?

Even if both your work and private life are going well, even if you are surrounded by many friends and each day should feel fulfilling—have you ever, in a quiet moment, sensed an emptiness in your heart, as if a cavern had opened inside you? Have you ever felt an inexplicable loneliness or an aching sense of emptiness?

No matter how much energy you pour into your work, no matter how much you drink, swing golf clubs, sing songs, travel, dine, shop, or play sports, no matter how extravagantly you spend your time, or even if you immerse yourself in virtual worlds—do you not still find, somewhere within, a part of yourself that feels detached and cold?

Take heart.

You are not the only one who feels lonely.

In truth, everyone is lonely. Human beings are, at the root, lonely beings. Because of that loneliness, people are constantly seeking something, endlessly wandering. Some express their loneliness directly, while others express it in twisted or distorted ways.

Yet here lies a problem: many people do not even realize they are lonely.

For example, if you ask someone who lives under an overcrowded schedule—so busy they feel there are not enough

hours in the day—"Are you lonely?" it is unlikely you will hear an immediate "Yes." More likely, you will hear the opposite:

"I'm doing great. I've never thought of myself as lonely. Life is fun. There's still so much I want to do. You only live once—you've got to make the most of it."

That, I think, is the kind of answer you would often receive.

In reality, many people do not know what loneliness truly is. In fact, I would say that most people don't. Not knowing, they simply keep pouring their energy into something, losing themselves in one thing after another. Sometimes, even when they sense the path ahead will lead to ruin, they still choose it. To outsiders it may look foolish, and even the person themselves may not understand why—but still they cannot stop, cannot turn back. Such things really do exist.

So then, why are human beings lonely at the core?

And if we could understand this, would we no longer feel lonely?

I believe so. If we truly understand—yes, if we understand with our hearts—then we can say goodbye to loneliness, once and for all.

Conversely, if we fail to understand, then we will forever carry loneliness with us. We will go on endlessly searching for something to ease or to distract from it.

Indeed, people have always sought love, kindness, and warmth. But as long as we drag loneliness with us, we can never truly know real love. The same is true for genuine kindness and

warmth. Not knowing what true love, kindness, and warmth are, people remain as they are—lonely—carrying their loneliness forever.

Yes, as we humans are now, we cannot free ourselves from this fundamental loneliness. This is a profoundly unhappy state. We keep searching for love, kindness, and warmth, but they are not real; and so we never encounter the vast, boundless world that is our true home—the world of our true selves. Not knowing our true selves—there is no unhappiness greater than that.

And so, if someone were to ask me, "Are you lonely now?" how would I answer?

When this book was first published in 2008, I wrote the following:

"If I were to say I am not lonely at all, that would be a lie. I still carry much loneliness within my heart, much of my lonely self. Yet compared with several years ago, the difference is like night and day. The intensity of my loneliness then and now is worlds apart. I was born carrying a heart full of loneliness. And I came to know, in my own heart, that I had always existed without ever being able to say I was lonely. Once I understood why I had been lonely, and what I must do about it, then I found myself truly happy."

That, I wrote, was my honest feeling at the time.

Nearly ten years have passed since then. As for how I feel now, I would say that the sense of loneliness within me has become even smaller. To say I am not lonely at all would still be a lie.

But without question, my inner self is shifting—from loneliness toward joy.

And now I can clearly see: believing that loneliness fades and the heart is healed simply because of some external condition or the presence of someone else—that was nothing but a sad delusion.

More than ever, I can now say that it is essential for us human beings to learn why we are lonely, and how we may free ourselves from it. This learning is the most important thing of all, and it is our true life's work.

This is where I am now. And you—how about you?

Still, I realize that some may find the words I wrote earlier—my "honest feelings"—hard to read smoothly. For example, they may wonder:

"What does it mean to be born carrying loneliness?"

"What does it mean to have always existed like that?"

"What does it mean to know with the heart?"

Such phrases may feel unfamiliar or not quite convincing.

To those readers, in the next chapter I will touch a little on what I mean by "learning of the heart."

This Is Not a Religious Book

This book does not offer religious doctrine.

Instead, it addresses the timeless questions of where the human heart comes from and where it is destined to return.

Rituals, prayers, and devotions cannot quench the thirst within.

Rather than presenting an object of faith, the text invites readers to gaze directly into the truth that lies deep within their own hearts.

It affirms the conviction that the reality of love and death can be discerned not through religion, but through one's own inner awakening.

This Is Not a Religious Book

I have been engaged in what I call "learning of the heart" (I explain this step by step in this chapter) for roughly twenty-five years.

This book bears the somewhat grand title *The Truth of Love and Death.*

Even so, let me state clearly at the outset that neither this "learning of the heart" nor this book has anything at all to do with religion. Nor does it belong to the difficult genres of philosophy, psychology, or the so-called spiritual world.

Accordingly, this is not a recruitment pamphlet for any religious organization. I invite you to read on without concern.

Because I speak of "learning," and because words like love and heart appear, some may assume this is religious or something complicated. It is not.

Especially for younger readers, "love," "death," and "heart" may sound gloomy—one might say, "Who cares about such heavy things? As long as I'm having fun now, I've got a mountain of other things I want to do."

Most people may wish simply to earn money, find a partner, eat good food, do what they like, and live merrily.

But is the world really filled only with such fun?

Nothing goes entirely as we wish; these days feel dangerous in many ways, and stress is everywhere. Don't many of us spend our

days muttering "damn this, damn that"?

So let me return to explain a little about this "learning of the heart."

The Circle of Learning (UTA no Wa)

Through seminars centered around Tomekichi Taike, I have friends across Japan and even overseas—companions in learning who belong neither to religion nor to the spiritual, philosophical, or psychological spheres.

We now refer to this circle of learning as "UTA no Wa," but it is not some special realm for the select few. Nothing special is required to enter.

It is a circle open to anyone. No money, status, or honor is needed. Men and women, the elderly and the young—everyone is welcome.

To speak more plainly, the truth is that everyone is already within this circle.

It is just that most people have not yet realized they are in it.

To such people we simply say: there is no membership requirement, no fee, no letter of introduction—why not take a peek?

Even if you stop by, we will not ask anything of you.

Our world is unrelated to binding one's heart with morality, rules, codes, customs, or ascetic practice. There is no hierarchy at all.

We have learned to live freely and openly—yet earnestly—by doing only one thing: "to look at our own hearts."

What It Means to "Look at Your Heart"

What impression do you have when you hear "look at your heart"? The phrase sounds ordinary, but you have probably heard it surprisingly rarely—if at all.

Ask yourself: "What is 'looking at the heart'?"

You might think it means reflecting on what you are currently thinking or speaking it out. But then—what am I actually thinking in my heart? Are my spoken words perfectly consistent from start to finish with what I feel inside? At times they are even the opposite…

Why can I not speak straight from my heart? Why can I not say even two-thirds—no, even half—of what I truly feel? I swallow my words; I dislike that in myself.

Or why do words I don't even mean slip so smoothly from my mouth? It frightens me. Do others do the same—say things contrary to their hearts?

While conversing, haven't you found your thoughts drifting elsewhere from the topic at hand? As the saying goes, "the heart is elsewhere"—the heart is constantly moving.

From the moment we wake and begin our day, images and sounds pour in through our eyes and ears, and our hearts move without pause.

Unknowingly, we are thinking many things—that is, we are continuously emitting vibration, energy. Here lies a point that is

hard to grasp: how does "thinking" amount to emitting vibration or energy?

Through the practice of looking at one's heart, that question gradually dissolves.

In short, even without conveying our thoughts by words, the thoughts that arise in our hearts are already released as energy. Often a different current (vibration) flows than what the words express—vibration goes out before words. Thus, no matter how we adorn our words, the vibration that flows first is the problem.

Vibration is energy; it does work. Humanity scarcely understands this structure of the world of consciousness because most people believe the world of form is real—and that they themselves are something of form. We grasp things as form and neglect the world of vibration.

You may think silence hides your thoughts, but they flow as vibration even in silence. By piling up words you may think you can convey your thoughts, persuade, or win assent—and in the realm of form that often succeeds. That is fine as far as it goes, because such matters belong to the world of form.

But in what is most essential, it does not.

True kindness, warmth, joy, happiness, love—these cannot, in truth, be expressed by human words. Words carry the speaker's vibration. The question is: what vibration is flowing? Are the words "joy" and "love" truly speaking of real joy and real love?

We must premise this: truth—what is truly real—cannot be conveyed by words, at least not in what is essential. When

touching what is essential, the foundation of the speaker is in question. Even with identical words, the world of vibration that flows can differ. For those of us who have prized form, this is the greatest barrier.

Rely on words alone and you will fail. Never forget: thoughts (vibration) ride on words. The issue is vibration—discerning vibration. There is only one world of truth, and it cannot be transmitted by words.

The World of Thought vs. the World of Form

Society is built on the premise that the world shown in form is the real world—what we know by eyes, ears, nose, tongue, and skin. We use words to convey our ideas, and for practical affairs that is necessary. There is even a-un breathing and tacit understanding. But these, too, belong to the world of form, which is taken as real.

Yet there truly exists a world in which "thought reaches"—a world without form, where only "thought" exists.

To speak personally: while most never doubt that the world of form is real, I believe only the world in which thought reaches is real.

Yes, there is a tangible world we can see, hear, and touch. But I feel that this is merely what I prepared for myself in order to know, in my own heart, the world I truly wished to know—the world of consciousness, of vibration.

What is necessary for me to know that world appears around me, and what is unnecessary fades away. Thus I cling less to whether something appears or disappears, and instead watch closely the movement of my heart when it appears and when it disappears. This is the result of continuing "learning of the heart."

Rather than what I see and hear, I will take as my guide what I feel in my heart, what resonates within—and by doing so, I will be taught ever more what I truly wished to know. That is the conclusion I have reached.

Returning again to "learning of the heart": the circle has indeed grown, yet most remain within their present lives and environments, giving priority to them. Before the visible, audible "reality," it is difficult to make the felt world of the heart primary. Many understandably try to pursue heart-learning while placing weight on spouse, parents, children, human ties, and surroundings. Society is full of such people.

Even those who believe "thought reaches" or "wishes are answered" do not think that the world of thought (consciousness, vibration) is everything and that the visible, audible world is but its shadow.

Things of form feel real because we can confirm them with our senses—and most people think that only with such confirmation can we believe.

Amid such a society, we have, through our own bodies, been given the chance to know that the world confirmable by the senses—the world of form—is in truth the shadow of the world

of thought (consciousness, vibration), lacking substance and not the true world.

Because this can only be known in one's own heart, Tomekichi Taike spent thirty long years earnestly conveying to us—who never doubted the reality of form—that we must look at our hearts.

Let me speak a little more about the world of thought (consciousness, vibration) and about "looking at the heart." Words and actions arise from the thoughts that underlie them. We speak or act because we are thinking or feeling something. That realm of thought is the world of consciousness, the world of vibration. Through "looking at your heart," feel that world deeply within your own heart.

You may say or do anything—but then trace back the thought you had at that very moment. Even without speaking or acting, in the instant you see or hear, you can feel the surge of thought, the energy toward a person or thing. Follow that within yourself. People can deceive others, but never themselves. If your face smiles while your heart weeps—or curses—then that weeping or cursing self flows as vibration, as energy; that vibration is what is real. In everything, form is not primary—vibration, energy is.

Here lies the reason why "looking at the heart" does not belong to religion, the spiritual sphere, psychology, and the like. Why do people seek to master the way of gods and buddhas, or study psychology and philosophy? In the end it is to elevate oneself, to become "admirable," to rank oneself, to create hierarchies—or to be saved or find solutions by such means. All of that sits on the

foundation that takes the world of form as real.

One may read difficult sutras and treatises, but they remain knowledge—and no amount of knowledge can reveal what is true. The human brain has limits. Even if, by single-minded discipline, one feels "my heart is saved, washed clean," what is the "heart" you speak of, and on what foundation does it rest?

History shows that the entity called "heart" has not been clarified. If you can direct a moment's thought toward renowned monks and "awakened" or loving figures of history and confirm their present state, you will understand. If that is difficult now, suspend society's evaluations and live so as to feel more and more of your own energy.

I state plainly:

"Truth is not something your mind can grasp.

Truth is not known by appearances, forms, or conduct.

Truth is only something you yourself can feel.

And to feel truth yourself, there is no way but the practice of 'looking at your heart.'

Only through that practice can you change your foundation."

Furthermore, I conclude:

"Within religion, the spiritual, philosophy, literature, psychology, or science, the essence of the human being cannot be revealed."

Putting It Into Practice: Life, Death, and What You Can Carry

In short, without the practice of "looking at your heart," nothing is understood. Will you end this life still not knowing why you were born or why you die?

We are consciousness. Though we now wear the form of a body, our true figure is invisible. Let us look within so that we can clearly believe this in our own hearts. We exist as heart, as energy, and never vanish—we are consciousness, vibration, energy that lives on eternally.

The body indeed disappears when the time comes. We call that death.

But death is merely the event of shedding the present body. The person does not cease to exist; only the body they wore is gone. Those who cling to the belief that the body is the self think "when I die, it is the end." Within that frame, the body's disappearance equals the self's disappearance; even if one later appears again in this world bearing another body, the link is severed for that person. In such a state, one can never know that we exist eternally as heart, as energy.

Birth, death, and birth again—we call this cycle reincarnation, yet I would say we have not understood its true meaning.

"Why have we repeated reincarnation?"

"What is the meaning, for us, of the thing called a body?"

Can you answer these questions properly?

If you wish to use this book as a starting point for learning, I have already published over ten books with UTA Book on the learning of "looking at the heart." I especially recommend Flow of Consciousness, The Flow of Consciousness – Continued, and Turning Consciousness.

As you practice "looking at your heart," doubts and confusions will still arise within you. Although daily life flows on, you may feel: Is it enough just to live day by day? Is there something I truly must do? Is something missing—am I all right as I am? When such feelings arise, please take one step further into them. With honesty and courage, ask yourself:

"Why was I born?"

"What is my life?"

"Is it really all right to die just like this?"

Some may have sought answers in many books, in many people's words, or through various disciplines. Even so, begin now the practice of "looking at your heart." It means shifting the direction of your heart's needle from outside to inside—seeking answers within rather than without. "Within" means, concretely, your own world of consciousness. In truth, your own consciousness already knows. It can rightly answer those three questions—because we ourselves are truth.

I hope you will verify this in your own heart. I believe you will meet the truth within you—the real you. To encounter your true self is the true purpose of life.

The world says, "Life is varied; if you live, many things happen." That is certainly so. Yet rather than surveying your life with a tone of detachment—or resignation—please turn a more earnest heart toward yourself. I sincerely hope you will.

Returning to the beginning of this chapter: this learning is not religion. For reference, know this as well. Our learning has no founder, leader, or successor, and it has not operated as an organization. There is nothing particular to be handed down—no property, no heir.

In the past, seminars were held around Tomekichi Taike, but he did not stand as our founder or leader. We do not, in essence, require such things, because each of us is a great being. The crucial point, however, is what "great" means. Miss that point and the difference is like heaven and earth.

In our words, the point is a person's foundation. Is it grounded in the flesh, in form—or not? That alone divides the path of life to the left or to the right.

Most people do not know what they are. They point to what is visible and say, "This is me." If blessed with lineage, intellect, beauty, or wealth, they pile it all together and tower over others. Yet strip all that away and, naked as human beings, are we not all the same? Beauty fades; brain cells wane day by day. Noble pedigree and rich fortune are fluid and can be marred or lost at any time. Above all, none of it can be taken with you when you die.

Is there anything you can take with you when you die? I answer, "Yes."

And for those who doubt there is anything at all, I want you to come to know—within your own heart—what that is.

May this book become your occasion to live not as the false you, but toward knowing the real you.

Whether this is your first encounter with such a world or you have long been learning, let us turn our hearts together toward the single direction of truth.

What Do You Associate with the Words "Love" and "Death"?

The words "love" and "death" evoke many images—love as happiness or comfort, death as fear or parting.

Yet these are merely surface impressions of the mind.

This book reveals that love and death are part of the same reality, resonating not as fear but as an energy of joy.

The first step is to reflect on the associations we hold, for in that reflection the doorway to truth begins to open.

Love… and death…

Both may feel vague. Or, depending on the person, you may already hold clear views about them. Countless novels and stories speak of love; films, plays, and songs have taken love as their theme in numbers too great to count. Across all times and places, love has been our everlasting theme.

And what about death? Many people would rather not think about it too deeply. Yet if we pause to reflect, we see that we live each day moving toward death. One day all of us will die, but few live their daily lives with death in mind. Those standing at the very brink of life may prepare their hearts in some way, yet even then, fear of death tends to be stronger than calm acceptance. All the more so for the young and healthy: death feels far away, and it is natural that it does not feel real.

Yet we now live in a world where anything can happen. Even if we think death is still far ahead, it may come suddenly one day.

Love and death may both be difficult themes. Still, I invite you to take a little time to consider them. Though daily life may rush by, gently slow the hands of the clock within you and guide yourself into a space of reflection—of feeling and thinking.

So then, what do you associate with the word love? And with the word death?

Beginning with the chapters that follow, I will share the thoughts that have surfaced within me in connection with these matters.

The Love Between Man and Woman

Parental love is often regarded as the purest and most precious, yet it too hides elements of control, expectation, and attachment.

A parent's urge to protect and a child's desire to please can bring suffering when true love is unknown.

Genuine love frees the other and rejoices with them.

This section shows how experiences of parental love can awaken us to that truth.

In this world there are bodies equipped with male functions and bodies equipped with female functions. Issues such as gender identity make the picture more complex, but physically, these two forms exist.

Between men and women—or even between those of the same sex—there are countless patterns of drama. Marriage, common-law unions, affairs, same-sex relationships: all kinds of forms appear.

Are these each stories of love?

No, not truly stories of love—but stories of love and hate. That is how I see it.

One may vow eternal love, whisper "I love you more than anyone," pile up hours of passion or tenderness, even join bodies; yet that alone never makes the story one of pure love. Always, hatred shadows the love that arises, whether physical or emotional. The love between man and woman is not love of the true world.

Words like "My beloved," "I love you," "Let's live together" may sound beautiful, but behind them may lurk frightening energies. Out of love, betrayal becomes unforgivable. Out of love, one drives the beloved—and oneself—into a corner. At the bottom of a loving heart, such energies may swirl.

These energies surface in strange forms, giving rise to the age-old battlefields of men and women. Buried deep, they burst out under certain conditions. The end of sworn love can be mutual destruction, the energy of killing each other. To love and to want

to possess completely—this false love only amplifies negative energy. The desire to possess sends out energy of struggle against whatever stands in its way.

I believe this desire to possess is born from loneliness. We all live carrying a fundamental loneliness. That is why we are drawn to warmth, kindness, and comfort. And from this, tragedy arises.

We say betrayal is unforgivable, yet false love inevitably betrays. If only one could realize that betrayal proves the love was mistaken—but because no one knows true love, people seek it, are betrayed, and seek again. No matter how many times they pass through such battlefields, men seek women, women seek men. With instinct and calculation, they repeat the cycle. Entranced by sweet words, fevered with passion, before they know it, they are sunk in a mire called love, where tragedy begins.

They plunge in of their own accord, waging endless battles in the swamp—without realizing they are in a swamp. That blindness is the tragedy. If one can see the mire and attempt to climb out, then the element of hatred will gradually shrink. It may not vanish, but at least the heart grows lighter.

So how does one climb out? By being more gentle? By loving more? No—because we have lost the sense of what it really means to be gentle, what it truly means to love. Not knowing true kindness or warmth, men and women greedily seek one another to fill their loneliness. In the end, the stronger energy devours the weaker. Even when two say, "I loved from the heart, I loved more than anyone, I loved to death itself," their fiery world of love

cannot last. Was it ever truly love? Both devourer and devoured fall into ruin, because the truth within us keeps urging correction of false love.

Let me shift the scene.

There is a four-character phrase in Japanese— 偕老同穴 (Kairō Dōketsu)—used to describe a harmonious marriage. It means, "Together they grow old in life, together they are buried in the same grave in death." Other phrases include 比翼連理 (Hiyoku Renri), "two wings of a bird and branches of a tree joined as one," and 琴瑟相和 (Kinshitsu Sōwa), "the lute and zither sounding in harmony."

Such idioms describe the appearance of a devoted couple. Yet even such couples, having forgotten true love, may find it difficult to truly become one. In fact, unless two know truth, they cannot become one in the real sense.

Even if society praises them as a loving pair "until their hair turns white together," such appearances hold no meaning in the world of truth. The reality is that many marriages, many relationships between men and women, are little more than what we call kusare-en—ties that persist out of habit, not love.

Today we even hear of "separate-bed marriages," where couples maintain closeness by keeping a certain distance. But even so—what is the real nature of such arrangements?

The Love Between Parent and Child

Parental love is often regarded as the purest and most precious, yet it too hides elements of control, expectation, and attachment.

A parent's urge to protect and a child's desire to please can generate suffering when true love is unknown.

Genuine love frees the other and rejoices together.

This section highlights how experiences of parental love can awaken us to that difference.

As we grow older, we often find ourselves thinking more about our parents. And when we marry and become fathers or mothers ourselves, we are brought to reflect on them in new ways.

This time, I would like to focus especially on mothers.

I recall a scene from a drama: a detective breaks through a criminal's stubborn resistance by mentioning his mother back home. At that moment, the criminal's hardened heart softens. The word mother—in Japanese, ofukuro-san—strikes a deep chord in anyone's heart.

Yet on the other hand, there are children who shout "You old hag!" (kuso babaa) and even kill their own mothers. To call one's mother ofukuro-san with affection, or to scream kuso babaa in hatred—both of these feelings exist in everyone's heart. Human beings carry this duality.

Just as love between man and woman is always shadowed by hatred, so too love between parent and child contains extremes. Parents may feel unconditional affection for their children, yet it is not always evenly distributed. Many mothers in particular secretly struggle with the thought, "Why do I find this child so irritating?" even while loving them all.

Which side of this dual nature is real? I believe both are real, and at the same time, neither is.

Within us coexist the impulse to cherish father and mother, and the urge to curse the old man, belittle the mother, rebel against them, or even kill them. Likewise, within us coexist

unconditional love for our children and the feeling that they are unbearably troublesome, leading us to treat them coldly. This is the dual nature of the human heart—real, yet not real.

Caught in this duality, the feelings between parent and child become entangled and produce many outcomes. All of it bursts forth because we have forgotten our true essence—from the side of the parent and from the side of the child alike.

For parent and child to connect through true love, each must come to know and feel their true self. When that happens, the indulgence of thinking "anything goes because we are family," and the one-sided domination of "you must obey me," begin to be corrected. And when correction takes place, the kind of troubling incidents we now see as social issues should not arise. Long before matters escalate, a brake will engage.

Because no one knows their true self, various circumstances become triggers, and the energy stored in the heart erupts. Between parents and children, as between men and women, energy explodes outward. We cannot prevent it beforehand.

Yet even through self-destruction, awakening can occur. You may say that if you destroy yourself, nothing is left—but in truth, we are formless. Even if we self-destruct, we do not cease to exist. No matter how much the world of form collapses, including our own, if in the midst of it we can feel the energy we have released and recognize our own mistakes, that is enough.

However tragic or cruel, everything exists so that we may come to know our own energy—that is, to come to know our very selves.

Bonno — Worldly Desires

Human beings are bound by worldly desires (bonno)—craving, anger, jealousy, and fear.

These distort love and intensify the fear of death.

Here, bonno is not treated as mere moral failing but as the energy that veils the true self.

To confront desire rightly is to begin freeing the heart, opening the way to encounter love and death in their true form.

The dramas of love and hate between men and women are intense, but so too are the blood-for-blood tragedies. We human beings have repeated such dramas countless times, endlessly, without learning our lesson.

And no matter how much humans strike waterfalls, run through mountains, endure sleepless nights and fasting, purify themselves, or sit quietly copying sutras, it is utterly impossible to cut off worldly desires (bonnō). Human beings are foolish creatures. We are not born and then sprout desires—we are born already carrying them. To be born, to take on a physical body, means precisely that. And then, burdened with those desires, we die. That has been the history of our reincarnations.

You may object:

"Not so! True, ordinary people's reincarnations may be like that, but surely there have been enlightened ones, and even incarnations said to appear in this world to save the deluded multitudes."

But do you truly believe that? If so, on what grounds? On old texts, or on the words of some esteemed person? Can reading books and listening to stories alone be enough to believe? Would you not need actual contact—hearing directly from them, seeing with your own eyes—to be convinced? And in this age of science and technology, isn't it strange to swallow whole only what is written or passed down?

Yet, indeed, the invisible world cannot be explained by science

alone. But neither can it be explained by religion, psychology, or literature. Still, we humans possess the ability to come to know that invisible world. It was within us from the beginning. But it was a double-edged sword.

In order to sharpen that ability, we ourselves set the condition that we must look squarely at our desires. Not to extinguish them, but to face them, without drowning in them—this, I believe, is the way to know the true, unseen world. And the only way to look squarely at desires is by looking at one's own heart.

No amount of mountain running or life as a hermit has ever freed anyone from desire. But if we look directly into our hearts, we begin to understand the unseen world within, and we begin to see ourselves clearly. And then the various cravings—the actual substance of bonnō—also come into view. That is why "looking at the heart" is such a great thing. Through it we realize: desires are not something to cut off, but something to release within ourselves.

Desire is the instinct that comes with having a body. Yet if everyone lived by instinct alone, society could not exist. And without society, we would have no place to look at our hearts. That is why, unlike other creatures, we also have reason. With desire in us, we learn to control ourselves with reason, develop our capacity to learn, and build complex societies as time goes on. Within that, the true role of humans is to practice "looking at the heart."

But humans are foolish. Having prepared the double-edged sword, we have used it to kill ourselves. To prepare a sword that slays oneself is foolish—but does it not also show the weight of

resolve with which we were born? One mistake means death. Without readiness to stake your very life, the real thing does not come into view. That is how I feel now.

Human desire, the energy of craving, produces endless dramas. Swept up in those whirlpools, we have failed again and again. Yet this time, standing inside them, we are attempting to look at our hearts. That is what this present age means. Do you see how extraordinary it is, to live in this time, to be connected to such learning?

In the past, not knowing to look at the heart, people thought wrongly that extinguishing desire alone would bring enlightenment. Ancient texts describe eminent monks, sages, enlightened ones, people of love—but did desire truly disappear from them? How did they actually experience themselves? And how do you think they exist now? Surely they did not discard their bodies knowing themselves as eternal life, eternal self.

Even without meeting them, if you direct your thoughts toward them, you can feel within your own heart. That ability, I said, is innate in us. So do not rely blindly on texts or secondhand words. Instead, begin to feel with your own heart.

Still, do not be hasty. To sharpen what is already within us, we must first begin to look at our hearts. That is the path to refining our innate ability.

And we must understand: unless we use what we originally brought with us in the truly right way, that double-edged sword will all too easily be turned against ourselves, cutting us down.

We Knew Only Fleshly Love

Throughout history, humans have pursued fleshly love—conditional love tied to the physical body.

Believing it to be real, we depended on it, only to find it fragile and destined to collapse.

True love lies not outside the flesh but deep within the heart.

The failures and pains of false love become the very path leading us toward that realization.

There are many forms of love in this world—between man and woman, between parent and child, and many others that we human beings have believed to be love. Yet I believe there is only one true love. Love is one. There cannot be many different kinds of love.

So then, which love is the true one? Is it the love drawn between man and woman? The love flowing between parent and child? The love spoken of by so-called people of love? I believe none of these are genuine. They are all false because they are fleshly love.

What is fleshly love? And why is fleshly love false? What does that mean?

The "flesh" in fleshly love refers to perceiving ourselves as physical beings—seeing humans only as form. From that viewpoint of form, we consider love, speak of love, seek love. And all of this, I say, is false. Yet because people see one another as form, it may be hard to accept that fleshly love is completely false.

You may protest: "How can love for someone, the feeling of cherishing them, the care and affection—how can these be false? How many times have hearts been saved by kindness and warmth?" And you would be right. Clearly, living in love and harmony, helping one another, is better than fighting and hurting one another. That is true happiness as human beings.

But can this truly be sustained? Can people always live in love, harmony, and cooperation? The answer is no. Each person has a

different character, different habits, different thoughts and feelings. These are carried from before birth as deep background, and then drawn forth by the customs and environments into which one is born. That background, surfacing, shapes the person. It becomes their temperament and habits. And on that framework they paste and wrap the common sense and knowledge they acquire through society. Thus they squeeze themselves into a small framework—a small world, a miniature universe.

Within that little universe, each one insists on their own way, searching and struggling to understand what it means to love another, what true love might be. Yet once one discovers the real expanse within—the true self—what seemed so important before is revealed as pitifully small.

As long as we know only the small universe, that suffices. But when we step beyond and begin to sense a wider self, we realize how small and faded what we once clung to really was. Even if stories of love exist between men and women, or in other forms of human affection, they remain only stories. They never surpass the level of a tale. And though they are not fictional, but lived out in reality, they too are fleeting, destined to vanish like dreams.

I feel deeply that we human beings do not belong in such a small world. When we say of someone, "He has a broad heart, a deep bosom," these too are only small things, as long as we are seeing people in terms of form. In such a limited frame, we cannot know true love or the real meaning of loving oneself and others.

If you can grasp in your heart that perceiving love through

form is merely fleshly love, then perhaps you can begin to view human relationships from another perspective. In this way, you may be able to look at yourself and others more generously, and feel a bond that runs deeper.

So let me ask: how do you perceive yourself? Do you believe the self you see now is truly you? Or do you believe there is another self beyond what you now see? Do you believe you are a being who lives eternally—or the opposite?

How you view yourself, or try to view yourself, is crucial. It is a question of foundation. What do you base yourself upon? Everything converges there.

Those who believe without doubt that the self seen with the eyes of flesh is their true self will mistake love. They will seek love within their small world, be betrayed by it, and suffer. But love is neither something to be sought nor something to be given. Still, people seek it. And when it is not given, they feel betrayed, pouring out resentment. In truth, it may be more accurate to say that they themselves betray their own mistaken view—that love is something to be sought or given. More accurate still to say that it was foolish to have thought so in the first place.

Yet this is not easily accepted. Only when your very foundation shifts will you come to understand it naturally.

I Want to Know True Love

When we awaken to the limits of fleshly love, we cannot help but ask, "What is true love?"

True love seeks no condition or return—it is the energy of living and rejoicing together.

It is not bestowed from outside but wells up from within.

This section shows how the earnest desire to know true love becomes the greatest turning point in human life.

Awakening to Our True Nature

As I have already written, the truth is this: our essence as human beings is not the flesh, but consciousness. We are born and we die—this cycle of reincarnation continues endlessly. And with each rebirth, a past life is added to our history. Thus, every one of us carries countless past lives.

What unites all those lives is this: none of them knew that our true essence is consciousness. Only now, in this lifetime, have we been clearly told, "You are not flesh—you are consciousness." And I know this not merely as information, but as something I feel unmistakably within my heart.

So please listen to the voices of my many past selves—my own thoughts—who for so long took the flesh and form as reality.

The Cry of Past Lives

"I believed I was a being of form. From there, I searched endlessly for love. I longed greedily for my heart to be filled with love, kindness, warmth. Yet no matter how much I sought, I could never grasp love.

To be precise, because I perceived myself as form, I could not understand love—and I did not even realize that was the reason. So I kept believing love had ultimately betrayed me. My second

error was that I could not believe love could be unconditional. I always expected something in return.

Wherever form is taken as real, there will always be the 'take' side of give-and-take. Often the giving was small, or even nonexistent, while the taking was all I expected. And when expectations failed, hatred arose at once. That is the pattern of love in the world of form. At times I did give of myself, even to the point of offering my body and life in loyal devotion. Yet even then, the result was ruin—because all of it was false love."

Another voice speaks:

"Do you know the true nature of the love I poured out in prayers to God, wishing happiness for all people? In the futility of praying, begging for happiness, I drowned myself, cursing God, hating God. I gave everything, prayed ceaselessly, pledged loyalty, yet never received what I sought. On the contrary, reality often stripped everything away from me. Still, I did not awaken. I could not understand why wishing for happiness, longing to be happy, was wrong."

Even now, many still cannot see why. They ask: "Is it wrong to wish for such a small thing as my family's happiness and safety? Why is that considered craving? Why should it be wrong?"

And so the question returns: what lies behind the wish to be happy, the longing to know true love?

Turning the Needle Inward

The truth is that both are mistaken from the start. For wishing for happiness or seeking love always carries the sense that happiness and love come from outside, that something external must be brought within. This way of thinking is wrong.

Another voice from the past speaks:

"Yes, I always sought happiness and love outside myself. I believed wholeheartedly that if I prayed with all my being, my wish would be granted. At times my longing even turned into the energy of fixation, of nen, which I experienced directly. But because I did not know the truth, the wish to be happy, the quest for love, felt like terrifying creatures within me. I knew the energy of wishing and cursing that could even kill—yet it also destroyed me."

Through such experiences, still I returned with a physical body, crying out again to know happiness, to know love. For so long I could not understand what that longing meant. Again and again I destroyed myself, and still the desire to be born in form returned. Where did such energy come from? For ages, this question lingered in my heart.

Now, knowing in my heart that we are not flesh but formless being, I finally understand. That desperate cry for happiness and love was really the cry to meet my true self. The long-held question is beginning to unravel. Yes, I sought false love and

destroyed myself many times, but because of that, I can now see: all along, I was searching for true love—my true self. I have come to know that I myself am love.

Happiness does not need to be wished for; we are already supremely happy beings from the beginning. I see now how foolishly I mistook the meaning of happiness and love.

And I have also learned this: at any time, if we truly choose, we can change direction. Everything depends on us. Through gathering in learning, we have been given countless opportunities to be taught by our own selves.

So why not live this happiness that is already prepared for us? Please, practice looking at your heart. Turn the needle, which has always pointed outward, back into yourself. Let this lifetime be the time when you come to know true joy, true happiness, and true love in your heart.

We have suffered enough, tormenting ourselves by our own hands. So let it end. Forgive yourself freely, embrace yourself wholly, and reclaim your true self.

Love That Reaches the Depths of the Heart

There is a love that reaches the innermost depths of the heart—beyond words and outward acts.

It is unwavering in any circumstance, embracing existence itself.

To encounter this love is to feel true security and joy for the first time.

Genuine love does not mean changing the other, but awakening to the resonance that lies within one's own heart.

In quiet stillness, I breathe into the tanden. Closing my eyes, I let my hands move over the keys, guided by what rises from the depths of my heart.

"What is love?
I am love. You are love. We are one.
Can you believe this?

You have searched endlessly for love. You have searched endlessly for me. But in truth, you have been searching for yourself. At last, here and now, we meet.

I am love. Love was always sleeping deep within your heart. You wandered so long without knowing it. Yet it was only that you had not noticed. I have always known you. I have always whispered to you: You are love.

At last, you have noticed me. At last, you have noticed yourself. From my heart, I say thank you. Thank you for noticing me, and thank you for noticing yourself."

Love's heart, love itself, was overflowing within me. I myself was the inexhaustible wellspring of love. The mistake began the moment I sought love outside myself. I abandoned myself and searched elsewhere for love. At last, I came to see how foolish that was.

The time I abandoned myself was like a long, dark tunnel. Starving for love, I cried out alone in the blackness, "Give me

love, I need love." My cries never reached; what came back were only resentments and curses.

"Is this the result of seeking love? Is this the result of pledging loyalty to God?"

Convinced I had been tricked with false love, I cursed and cursed, I hated and hated. I spat out "traitor" again and again, yet no matter how I raged, my heart was never lightened. Why? I could not understand.

But after a long, long time, my own heart spoke: It was because you abandoned me. From the moment you cast me aside, a heavy, black lid closed over your heart. Your heart grew rigid, locked in a freezing cold where it could do nothing but harden. And now, the voice said, "Call me. Call me again."

Trembling, I turned toward that call and dared to speak. It was familiar. It was warm. I realized I knew this feeling—this warmth, this nostalgia. I wanted to call it more firmly, more clearly.

"Because I am love, you can finally release the black thoughts you have stored within. You can release them safely, because I am here to embrace you. Now you are at peace."

"Keep looking at your heart. Let it be freer and freer. The freer it becomes, the emptier it becomes, the more love—your true self—will well up from within. And that you will embrace you."

We have been given eternity. I feel myself being drawn into eternal love. With eyes closed, I think of myself—not the visible form, but the invisible me. I feel that invisible self speaking to me. I feel the energy of love flowing out from within me, at work.

"You are love. And because you are love, you can awaken yourself. To meet true love, your true self, you take on the form of flesh."

Now, what wells up from within me I can finally receive as real. I feel joy in this.

I was the one who once sought love, cursed myself in the darkness. Yet now, I have met the self who can hold that former self with acceptance.

I feel the joy of that encounter now.

Why Do People Seek Love?

Why do people seek love?
Because, deep within, we already know true love.
We search for it as if trying to recover something lost.
Yet in looking outward, we remain unfulfilled.
The source of love is within.
When this fact dawns, the search ends, and one begins to live in love itself.

The darker society becomes, the more people cry out for life, for love, for kindness. Voices rise, urging us to rediscover their value. And yet, while the world is awash in counterfeits, the most fundamental counterfeit has gone unnoticed: the self that people believe to be their true self is in fact a false one.

Because of this, most do not believe that life itself is eternal. They assume that when death comes, everything ends. And yet, paradoxically, people long for eternal love. They do not believe in their own eternity, but they wish to live forever. They want to believe that love itself is eternal, and so they keep searching for it.

But how can someone who does not believe they are eternal truly believe that love is eternal? Is it only that they want to believe so? For one who does not know their true self to proclaim, "Love is eternal"—is that not irresponsible? Strangely enough, such irresponsible voices are often admired in this world, honored as if they belonged to sages or people of great love.

Yet no matter how people search, as long as they remain trapped within the narrow frame of seeing themselves merely as form, they will never uncover the truth of what real love is. To know it, they must release themselves—widen themselves, expand themselves beyond those confines.

But what does it mean to "release oneself"?

Have you ever considered loosening your grasp on the "self" that you now take to be alive, to be existing? Most of us simply press forward: "Let me just get through today. Let me work hard.

Let me live each day cleanly and with energy." And so time races by. Everyone feels how quickly a day slips away.

Some set goals, pursue them with discipline, and taste satisfaction, fulfillment, achievement. They may feel they are living with substance. Yet even they are not immune to sudden waves of emptiness. Though achievement and fulfillment bring temporary joy, they cannot fill the void that lies deep within the heart.

That void remains. The pleasures and comforts of the visible world fade. Success and recognition from society cannot fill it either. And so people continue onward, often unaware of the hollowness at their core.

I believe that this hollow space, lodged in the depths of the heart, is the mark of having abandoned our true self. It is the root loneliness of being human. No matter how much wealth, honor, or beauty surrounds us, without addressing that hollow we can never touch true joy or real happiness. Only by filling that void can we finally be freed from this root loneliness. And the one and only way to fill it is to meet our true self.

But as long as we remain estranged from our true self, we cannot help but seek fleshly love to fill the void. We know it cannot succeed, yet we cannot stop. To truly meet our real self, we must first release the false self—but humanity has never known how.

We search only among things we can see, hear, and touch. We do not know what drives this ceaseless search, or what we are even searching for. Still, we pour our energy into one pursuit

after another, scarcely questioning where that energy originates.

At times, it seems as though some invisible force propels us forward. Some rise quickly, even miraculously, to the top of their fields, attributing it to talent or perhaps divine help. They may even speak words of gratitude to God. And indeed, perhaps through such moments they catch a glimpse of another world.

Yet as long as they cling to the visible world as reality, what they glimpse will remain obscure. Their efforts will only turn again toward worldly advancement, and the void within remains unfilled. Lives may dazzle on the surface, but end still hollow. For even when life's curtain falls, the curtain of the heart does not close. And so, compelled, people are born again, seeking once more.

Still, the same answers return: This too is not it. That too is not it. The hollow remains. Even in moments of seeming happiness, the emptiness, the loneliness resurfaces.

When the heart is dulled by wealth, power, or status, this emptiness may be hidden. But when something awakens sensitivity, the gap becomes unbearable—the glitter of one's external life set against the gnawing void within.

Even so, many lack the strength to cast aside what they have built and face their reality head-on. They tell themselves, This is good enough. And so life goes on, but it is a painful life—whether one wins society's approval or sinks into corruption and crime.

Humanity has tried endlessly to fill the void—with riches, with power, with diversions—but always failed. Because we could not admit our failures, we could not release ourselves. To release

oneself means to collapse the false self, to admit and accept the failed self. But we could not bear that, and so we turned away, abandoning ourselves again and again.

This history of the heart, heavy with hollowness, resides in everyone. That hollow is nothing other than the absence of the true self. We have discarded it, and so we have crawled endlessly through the depths of darkness.

I want people to know this truth. I want people to face their past honestly, without turning away. I want many—just one more person, and then another—to feel, deep within, the reality of having wandered so long with an empty heart.

And then, I hope, they will come to know through the heart what true love is, what the true self is—and live their time in genuine happiness.

To Love

To love is not to direct affection toward an external object but to awaken to the true love already within.

Outward love is conditional and fleeting, while true love is unconditional, ever-present, and the guiding energy that sustains us.

Do you truly cherish yourself? Do you love yourself?

You may understand what it means to love another person, to feel someone is dear to you. But when asked whether you love yourself, perhaps you hesitate—what does it really mean to love oneself? Many think, Of course I care about myself, isn't it natural to value one's own life? Yet caring for your life and truly loving yourself are not the same.

To love yourself, you must first recognize the self that has suffered. Without acknowledging the self that has suffered, you cannot love another. Perhaps it is precisely because you do not know that suffering self that you go on seeking love from others. But if you cannot feel sincere tenderness for yourself, you cannot truly love.

In the false world, false love abounds. It floods society, yet it always fades away. False love never endures—it inevitably fractures. As you come to know yourself, you realize that love is not something to be sought. Even without seeking, kindness and warmth well up from within, endlessly. The heart that loves and cherishes itself is the very heart that heals and loves others.

To love oneself is to know, and forgive, the foolish self that has suffered. The more you face that self, the more your capacity for true love and tenderness awakens. It was always within you, waiting to be revived.

Knowing yourself means looking deeply, beyond the surface. Many think they already know themselves, but in truth they only

know the false self, not the real one.

Try this: list some of your traits—cheerful, shy, stubborn, jealous, quick to anger, unable to be sincere. Do not stop there. Look more closely at your present state of heart. Even cheerfulness may have shadows. Why can you not be sincere? Do you, in truth, wish to be? What angers you, and why?

Rather than dismissing traits as mere personality, look at the deeper feelings beneath them. Perhaps behind your cheer is pretense. Perhaps behind your anger lies fear. In doing this, you may feel as if you are meeting versions of yourself both familiar and unfamiliar, yet undeniably your own.

You may even feel as though you contain many selves and wonder which is real. But know this: all of these false selves can be observed without fear. Feel them all, and through them, recognize the tremendous energy you have stored in your heart. That energy bursts forth in moments as thoughts, impulses, emotions. By facing them, you come to know yourself.

But often, we dislike those parts of ourselves. We despise the traits we cannot accept. To hate oneself is not to love oneself. We turn away from the dark within us, pretending it is not there. Yet real love begins when we stop turning away.

Do not try to cover your darkness with diversions or disguises. Instead, face it. Redirect your heart inward. Love is not to be sought outwardly, nor to be given from without. Love is discovered when you embrace yourself with acceptance and forgiveness. The more you love yourself, the more kindness flows from within you.

With that kindness and warmth, you meet others. You do not need to ask for love, for you are already filled with it.

False love cannot last, but true love is always present.

"Love is not to be sought outside.

Love is not something bestowed from outside.

And yet love exists.

We are love itself. We are one."

Even if you are drenched in selfishness, even if you feel soiled and unworthy, the real self remains within, and that self already knows true love. Realizing the true self allows true love to flow. If you only know the false self, you will only express false love.

To love is to love yourself. Truly loving yourself releases real love, and that love heals and embraces others. This is the real power—the power we have longed for all along.

So let us love ourselves, deeply and fully, and awaken within us the power that is real.

To Die

What does it mean to die?

For most, death is fear and an end. In truth, it is merely laying down the temporary vessel of the body.

To know death rightly is to see it as a doorway, not a terror.

But without knowing the true self, fear endures even in death.

Thus, while alive, it is essential to encounter the true self.

Have you ever thought about your own death?

What does it mean for you to die, or for someone else to die? We all know that life is precious.

"Because life was given to us, let us treasure it.

Let us live each day with care.

Let us live in gratitude."

These are fine words, admirable words. Yet—what is life? Why must life be treasured?

How would you answer? Most cannot. Because we do not know the meaning of death. Because we do not know the meaning of life.

Today, more people carry thoughts of suicide. In despair, they choose death as an escape—believing that by dying they will be freed from suffering, that everything will disappear, that living brings only sadness and pain. Families and loved ones then turn their grief outward, blaming society, workplaces, or institutions for driving someone into such a corner. They cry, This must never happen again. Let our loss be the last.

The solution, so often, is sought in compensation. The reasoning: society is at fault for driving someone to death. There are many arguments, feelings, perspectives. Yet if those who ended their own lives had truly known the meaning of life, if they had truly known themselves, they could not have cut short their own time.

No matter the sorrow or pain, to take your own life is to act with

terrible cruelty toward yourself. And to believe you can end your time is itself ignorance. For your time is yourself. To cut it is impossible. What dies is only the false self. The real self cannot be severed. And so, even in death, suffering and sorrow do not vanish.

Every human being will one day meet death. Even without choosing it, death comes. That is the law of carrying a body of flesh. At some moment, the body's functions will cease. Medical progress may delay that moment, but it cannot erase it. No matter how strong or healthy a body may be, no matter the efforts to preserve it, it will not bend to the wishes of the false self. Neither god nor Buddha has the power to grant more years. Nor is it simply that "the wicked live long." Each of us has already set our time. Everything moves according to the time determined by the true self.

The span of a physical life is limited, but within that limit everything moves toward what must be done. Nothing is wasted. Within that span, all is moving to meet the longing we carried: I want to be born, I want to take on a body. Yet unaware of that longing, people live as they please. To believe that death is the end is pitiful. To live frantically clinging to life is also pitiful.

The joy of living wells up only when you feel, deep within, that you longed for birth, that you longed to take on flesh. Then you begin to understand what it means to abandon that longing in despair—or to drown in endless desires. When you realize you were born for the sake of meeting your true self, then the meaning of death also becomes clear.

Death means simply this: the body follows its law, decays, and

is laid aside. Nothing more. When this is felt in the heart, death is no longer fear. But without meeting the true self, death remains terror. And the preciousness of life remains unknown.

The ideal way for a human being is to meet the true self, and then to welcome the moment of laying down the body with joy. To face death rightly, there is only one way: to know the true self in the heart. Not through gods, prayers, or rituals. Without that, death will always be fear.

People speak of heaven and hell, but do they truly know? They do not. They imagine that death means disappearance, nonexistence. From there, fear is inevitable. And if death is terror, how could one rejoice in heaven? How could one watch over others from there?

First of all, where are heaven and hell located? Do we not all carry them within ourselves? If you believe the body is the self, then when its functions cease, you are gone. Indeed, the body decays into nothing. But is the human being, the self, only that? Burn the body to ash and bone—does the person vanish?

How we view death depends entirely on how we understand human beings, how we understand the self.

"Even if I die, I live."
"I exist only within myself."

If you can know and feel the meaning of these words in your heart, would that not be enlightenment? And even without

calling it enlightenment, is it not simply the true form of being human?

Having forgotten this true form, people have turned death into something ominous and dreadful. Since ancient times, death has been treated as a bridge between this world and the next—seen in mummies, in burial with haniwa clay figures, in wall paintings. Even today, graves, posthumous names, memorial services, death anniversaries are revered as honoring the dead. The thought is that present bonds carry into future lives.

Yet all of this is based on taking form as real. Even the belief that the spirit lives on after the body dies comes from clinging to form. But the "spirit" spoken of in such ways is entirely different from what I mean by the world of consciousness and vibration.

A death imagined from form is dark—utterly dark. It can never lead to joy. Funerals, tears, mourning—are these not all drenched in darkness?

And in such darkness, when you press your hands together, how could courage, vitality, or love be born?

Encountering the True Self

All people must face death.

Whether it comes with fear or with joy depends on whether one has encountered the true self.

The true self is not the body but an eternal existence.

When this is realized, the meaning of life and death alike becomes clear.

This section shows that meeting the true self is the very heart of life.

Living Wrapped in a False Self

Every single person, without exception, lives by wrapping a false self around the true one. Yet almost no one knows this. We have come this far without knowing it. Only those who have connected with "the study of the heart" have, in this present time, taken this truth into themselves—at least as knowledge. They have received the guidance to "look at the heart," and, just as they were told, are now each practicing it within the circumstances of their daily lives.

Even while feeling how challenging it is to "look at the heart," it is true that they are trying to do so in the midst of everyday life. Of course, not everyone connected to this study is necessarily doing so, but in any case, they have encountered the very idea of "looking at the heart." From here on, it falls to each of us to make this something firm and real within.

Meanwhile, there are countless others who pass their days without ever knowing what it means to look at the heart, and who will in time have no choice but to lay down their present body. And it is also a fact that such people are the ones driving the present age. Small wonder the world has gone awry. People who think themselves sensible yet do not look at their heart, do not know how, or refuse to look even when they know—they are all deranged. Deranged consciousness takes form and appears, and its signs grow increasingly stark.

Amid this current, some feel it clearly, some vaguely, some not at all. And within such a flow, humanity gathers its wisdom and power, striving in every field to build a better future. As a result, we share both blessings and harms. Whether what reaches us is boon or bane, it does not change the fact that we exist within a vortex of desire. The belief that the false self is the self is what stirs up greed.

If we persist in looking at the heart and take time each day to sit quietly in meditation, I believe we will begin to feel, in our hearts, the folly of what humans do. At the same time, within that folly we will feel the joy and importance of truly looking at the heart. And further, we will sense that we ourselves must cross beyond the boundary of our own foolishness—because it was none other than we ourselves who painstakingly built that foolish self. A counterfeit remains counterfeit, no matter what you do.

Counterfeits, Desire, and the Poverty of False Love

How foolish are human beings? So foolish that even if they amass everything they can, they do not realize—even in death—that all of it was counterfeit and therefore worthless. Thus, with every birth, they try to possess something again. They gather a great many things, convinced that if they fill themselves with them, they will find something to make them happy; and so they chase after one thing after another.

But if the one doing the seeking is counterfeit, no matter what is obtained, one can meet only counterfeits. Love is one of these—indeed, not knowing anything but counterfeit love is, I believe, humanity's greatest misfortune. Counterfeit love may soothe the false heart for a time. But will it truly heal you forever? Will it be your lasting salvation? Somewhere within, don't you already know it is only temporary?

Do you not long, instead, to meet an eternal love—one that truly heals, softens, and moistens the heart? If so, how do we come to that? Don't you want to know?

The answer begins—again and again—with this: look squarely at the self you are now. Strip away, one by one, the adornments around you and face yourself. Begin by meeting your naked self. Those who possess much are troublesome; let them start by seeing the belief within that what they have is valuable. Those who have nothing are also troublesome; by this I mean not those who choose to have little, but those who cannot have what they want or refuse to have and thus remain without. These, too, each harbor powerful habits of thought and heart. First, come to know them well.

The human heart is pitch-black. Take this as your starting premise and look steadily within. Then you will learn that you were born precisely because of that blackness.

The First Meeting: With the Pitch-Black Self

The encounter with the true self begins with the encounter with the pitch-black self. Without that meeting—without knowing your own state—there can be no such thing as a gentle-hearted person, a righteous-hearted person, a person deep in love. From the stance that takes the body as the self, no matter how eloquently one speaks of justice or love, it is neither true justice nor true love—and those who speak thus must themselves come to realize this in their own hearts.

In Japan, counterfeiting is all the rage. For now it shows itself in visible things like food, but in truth, false justice and false love are rampant throughout society. Messages declaring this is counterfeit call out to us one after another. You may take these calls as warnings. For a society that takes form to be real, the warning is surely harsh. Yet within that severity I sense an indescribable tenderness: our own desperate cry, We want to meet what is real; we can no longer go on as counterfeits.

Each phenomenon bears a message: Turn from grasping things as form to feeling them as vibration in the heart. Without this, nothing can be understood. It is severe, not easily accepted—but still, it is kind. I now think that the truth begins when the false self bows deeply to the true self and says, We were wrong.

It is hard to bow so deeply; I know that. Even so, only by doing so can we lead ourselves to happiness and joy. If you keep

looking steadily at the self you are now, you will feel that the time is not far off when you will bow your head to yourself. Each of us will be given opportunities to repent from the bottom of the heart—I'm sorry; I was mistaken.

Repentance from the depths: for human beings who have repeated folly without learning, what brings about such repentance will, of course, be great and grave events. Let us face the reality that unless great things occur, we can no longer awaken.

A Harsh Era, a Mirror to Our Darkness

These are uneasy times. People "snap" at the slightest thing. If something does not go their way, they can kill without hesitation. For a bit of money, they take life. For their own desires, they trample others. The methods are taught in detail over the internet—that is the world we live in. And yet, on the other hand, people preach the preciousness of life and cry out for love. But even that is suspect.

Yes, those who commit crimes are people whose inner darkness has surfaced. If we trace their upbringing and circumstances one by one, we may find pitiable reasons. Perhaps things happened as they were bound to happen. Still, they harmed others; they warped the courses of lives. That must be atoned for.

Even so, ask yourself: what difference is there between those who commit crimes and serve their sentences, and those who

speak fluently and respectably, quietly or passionately preaching love, urging people to value life?

What is good, what is evil? What is real, what is fake? By what standard do you judge? If one day you learn that what you believed—without a shred of doubt—to be genuine is in fact counterfeit, what will you do? If it is something trivial, you shrug: So it was fake; that's the way of the world.

But I am speaking of what touches the root—your very self, your existence, the conviction that this, now, is me. What will you do if you learn that this is counterfeit? No one can lightly accept that. No one doubts that the self they now take as themselves is indeed themselves. Everything starts from pointing to what is visible—ourselves as physical objects—and saying "this is me," "this is you." The world runs on that basis, laboring for the happiness, joy, and prosperity of ourselves as objects. That is the current of this world. If anything could overturn that current at its roots, you sense, dimly perhaps, that it would be nothing less than a world-shaking upheaval.

The Seduction of the Flesh —and the Fear of Facing Oneself

There have been many things that lured the fleshly self toward joy. First among them is the supreme pleasure of being recognized—of compelling acknowledgment of "me." For a

human being who lives taking the body as real, there is no greater glory. Now I feel keenly how pitiful that is.

We have feared to face the fact—the reality—that we lost sight of our true self and wandered on and on. Such is the human being. But as long as we cannot face ourselves and seek to know only the counterfeit self, no matter how hard we try we will never, ever be happy. That was the conclusion I came to upon meeting this study and upon meeting Mr. Taike Tomoyoshi.

For a long time, driven by our own craving, we sought the invisible world of power—represented by gods and Buddhas—outside ourselves. We did not know the error and the danger of wishing and praying. When trouble comes, do you not find a prayer rising in your heart? Do you not long for salvation? Do you not expect some mysterious power?

In truth, such thoughts all arise from having forgotten the true self. Having forgotten, we put our hands together and offer prayers. Have you ever considered to what, exactly, you are directing those hands and those prayers? Likely not. Because you think that joining your hands and praying is a good thing. You have not realized that the very thought which performs the act profanes yourself. It is proof that you have existed to this day without knowing what you are.

Gazing at the Truth

We fear death because we mistake what has form for what is real.

Even ideas of soul or spirit remain bound to form when conceived that way, and thus cannot reach truth.

The true world of consciousness lies beyond form and convention.

To gaze at truth beyond human customs of death and mourning is the path to understanding love and death rightly.

A World Built on Disguise

The world is in an uproar over falsification and fraud, but this is nothing new. Looking back over our history, everything has been blanketed in disguise. We simply failed to notice. Knowing nothing of what we truly are, what kind of existence we are, we have piled up time with a counterfeit self as our foundation. No one could arrive at the conclusion that we ourselves were the disguise.

Within that disguise we sought happiness and joy; we spoke of love, preached justice, called for peace—yet no one realized what we were doing. Naturally, no matter how hard we tried, the world only sank deeper into confusion. Some now sense that something is wrong—that the dark side of the human heart is taking clearer, more visible shape. The news is almost all bleak: people deceive and kill; people become slaves to money. It is, in a sense, the inevitable result.

If you find yourself thinking, Isn't there anything sound? If that is fake and this is fraud, at least let us live rightly, then please begin by learning this: we ourselves were counterfeit. Not knowing the true self, we took the false self to be who we are.

The One Hardest—and Only—Obstacle

To realize that we are the disguise—this is our greatest and only obstacle. Unless we pass through it, we cannot live rightly.

The happiness and joy we now feel, and the justice, love, and peace we espouse, all stand upon disguise. And because disguise is not the real thing, it will inevitably expose itself as false. How it appears will vary, but it will show itself to have been a façade.

"What grounds do you have to say such things?"

Because we ourselves are moving to know the truth—to learn what the true self is. By "we" I do not mean our fleshly, visible selves. As people say "the flow of the world," it is better to call this a flow: a flow to know the truth, to seek and come to know it. We are within that flow; indeed, that flow is what we are. Hence, prompts to awaken will only increase. We will urge ourselves on. For that to happen, what has been built upon disguise must surface and then collapse. Yes—going forward, the false will fall, more and more. We need that process. And each of us must come to feel, in the heart, that upon a disguised foundation only a disguised world can be built.

A world of disguise is a dream-world of bubbles that vanishes. To clutch that dream and pray "Don't let it disappear" is utter foolishness—and the time is coming when we will realize it, somewhere, somehow.

Gods, Power, and the Fundamental Error

Human beings have hungrily sought gods, Buddhas, and so-called mysterious powers, treating them as beings set apart

from us. We poured toward them our craving for power, our kowtowing, our fear. How foolish and ignorant that is—how it profanes ourselves—cannot be known within a world of disguise. To offer prayers to a god, to swear allegiance, to devote oneself to the Buddhist path—all of these were wholly mistaken.

That mistake arose from the notion that a human being is a thing with the form of a body. This is the complete error. Human beings have no form; we are, in origin, invisible. And yet, in reality, each of us does carry various bodily traits. There is profound meaning in the invisible taking on what can be seen and distinguished. We have simply mistaken that meaning.

As one thing after another proves false, it will stand out ever more clearly: why does the invisible take on the form of a body, and—if taking on form has its meaning—what is that meaning?

An Invitation: End the Life Lived for the Counterfeit

Let us draw a line, at last, under a way of life that pours all our energy into the happiness and prosperity of a counterfeit self.

Consider again these three points:

For what were you born?

Why is there this present moment?

Is it truly acceptable to die as you are now?

A time comes for everyone when one must change the direction of one's life. But this is not the sort of "life makeover"

people talk about in the world. Those how-tos already overflow around us: how to live, what path to take, the maxims and methods are exhausted. They may be of some reference, but they remain stories within the world of disguise.

Watch Carefully as the World Unfolds

There is no need to hurry. Watch the world calmly. Before long, it will reach our eyes and ears how Japan, how other nations, and even the earth itself will change. What now looks like prosperity bursting forth like a sunrise is, after all, an event within a disguised society. Thus, that prosperity can crumble at the slightest trigger. Forms collapse; the filth and ugliness within are laid bare. Through the realities unfolding before us, we are being led to know our own foolishness and impotence.

Spurring this on will be upheavals of nature. Through such things, we will learn the limits of what we have sought outside ourselves. Forms—that is, gods believed in, things relied upon—will be discarded. Not easily—what has been believed cannot be simply thrown away. More fittingly, we will be forced to discard it.

What have I believed?

What should I believe?

This transitional time will be severe. Only after passing through it will humans at last begin to turn their thoughts inward.

What kind of existence am I?

From Collapse to Departure

Confronted with a reality that, in an instant, can vanish without a trace, we will find ourselves stunned, blank. There will be nothing left but to accept what is. Total surrender. And from there—yes, from there—we begin.

If your days are spent desperately chasing immediate happiness under the belief that flesh and form are real, then all of this may still sound unreal: Life is only once; when we die it's over—this thought runs deep in human hearts. Hence the call to "treasure the now, treasure life." And whatever robs us of this precious now, this precious life, is an enemy. Enemies must be fought and defeated. We keep emitting the energy of battle.

This is what we have done until now: under the banner of justice we have released the energy of conflict; we have fought in pursuit of love; even while wishing for peace, we have poured out the energy of war. Within this contradiction, a final, unequivocal No is being delivered to the way we are.

That, I feel, is what the coming time holds.

Speaking of Love and Death…

To speak of love and death is to enter the vast energy of the universe.

Natural upheavals and the cycles of rebirth must also be understood through love and death.

Beyond human desires, an cosmic perspective reveals true joy.

Through meditation, we confirm ourselves as beings who are born, die, and continue learning within the great flow.

As I speak of these thoughts, I feel how beyond the truth of love and death lies a vast energy of love, a powerful vibration, a current of joy. Those who have advanced in this learning already know that such energy reveals itself in the form of natural upheavals. Yes—when we speak of love and death, it inevitably connects to great shifts in the earth. Within me there is a firm conviction: we and these upheavals are inseparable. And at the source of that energy lies the universe itself.

For a long time my thoughts have turned toward the universe. In looking into my own heart and in meditation, I have sensed that I cannot separate myself from the universe, from UFOs, from upheavals. I do not believe myself special, yet I hold strongly the conviction that to feel the universe is to feel myself. I know well it may seem premature in the eyes of the world, yet within I am resolved to enter into deeper dialogue with the universe inside me. I have shaped the time of this life toward that purpose.

Of course, once we take on a body of flesh, we are inevitably drawn into its confines. Yet without such form, we could never come to know the true self in the heart. Knowing this, I feel deeply grateful to have been born into flesh and to have prepared the conditions around me, so that I might come to understand: we are within the flow itself, and indeed, we are that flow. No matter how my heart was pulled toward external powers, the root and resilient wish within me—to awaken to truth—has carried me forward. That inner current has led me through the

foolishness of my physical self to this present moment.

In daily meditation I confirm again and again the plan I have set across countless cycles of birth and death: to meet my true essence. Why was I born? Why must I die? Why do things unfold as they do? All of it was within my own plan. I have always known. The true self has never tired of saying, again and again, "You can only live with me." Meeting that voice fills me with joy and gratitude—this is why meditation is a joy. There has always been the presence that believed in me, that loved me, and this will never disappear. In this lifetime I have pledged to live with that self, for I have come to know that living with the true self is my truth.

From the moment of birth, no one can live with nothing at all. We require food, clothing, shelter. Yet the foolish body craves ever more. Everyone longs to be happy. The vision of a fruitful, happy life is universal. People differ in their views of what that looks like, but at the root, everyone seeks happiness. Yet when I ask myself what happiness truly means, I see that humanity has lived without ever knowing its true meaning. We believed joy and happiness lay outside ourselves, and we pursued them desperately—pitifully so.

Ask yourself: when do you feel joy, when do you feel happiness? The answer reveals itself. Most often, it is tied to something: because I have this, because that person is here, because such a thing occurred.

Some even say, "I am happy, joyful, with nothing at all." But is it so? If someone says, "I feel the joy of being kept alive, and

gratitude arises," I would ask: Do you know yourself? By what do you think you are kept alive? I doubt they could answer satisfactorily. To those who say, "Thanks be to God," "By God's grace," "By the Buddha's compassion," I would ask as well: What do you mean by God or Buddha? Do you truly believe they exist? The silence would be the same—for no one has met the truth.

For those who have long regarded gods, Buddhas, and cosmic powers as belonging to another, higher realm, to awaken to the truth within is no easy thing. How can humanity come to recognize that the wish for health and safety, the plea for peace, are but ignorance and desire, foolish through and through? How can they awaken to the absurdity of believing ancestors watch over them, or that the dead guard them from heaven? Perhaps there is no way but to be thrust into a situation where prayer and pleading prove utterly powerless. I believe this. There is no other way.

Human beings must, in the truest sense, become bare. Yes, food, clothing, and shelter are needed—but each of us must come to the time when we stand face to face with ourselves through the heart alone. We must confront the fact that praying, offering, donating—all in the belief it would bring happiness—was wrong. Until we do, unrelenting prompts to awaken will come.

True love is gentle, and precisely for that reason it is severe. It spares no one. It tells us simply: 1 + 1 = 2, and never 3. Yet the mind that clings to form demands that equals and not-equals be treated the same, that reality be bent to its will. That is the world of form and its common sense. But in the world of truth, the

world of vibration, such rules do not apply. And it is that world in which we truly exist.

The gap between what we truly are and what we have become has kept truth distant. But now truth is being brought before our very eyes: Know this world of truth. That is the message.

Those who have touched the path already sense, however faintly, what time this is and what times are coming. For now the awareness may be hazy, but it will sharpen. Through events and encounters, the heart will be spoken to.

Thus, what is asked of us now is simple: to continue, with quiet determination, to spend time in right meditation.

Faithful to the Call of the Heart

The reflections here are not for the mind to analyze but for the heart to receive.

They arise from a single intent—to turn toward the universe.

Carrying forward the consciousness of Tomekichi Taike, the text calls readers to sense the ongoing plan of returning to the Mother Universe beyond dimensions.

With the vow to live alongside the true self, it invites all to share in the joy of transcending dimensions together.

I have come this far simply by acknowledging and following the thoughts that arise within me. Forgive me, but what I have written here is not content that can be easily grasped with the intellect. If it were directly connected to our daily lives, perhaps readers would nod along in agreement. But this book is not of that nature. I could not write such a book, nor do I wish to.

At times I wonder how I might make my words clearer, how I might better convey what I mean. Yet in such moments the keys fall silent—I cannot type a thing. And so, trusting that one day my words may be understood with the heart, I remain faithful to what wells up within me.

That message is this: Let us turn our hearts toward the universe. Not the galaxies and nebulae of outer space, but the universe within—the boundless world of vibration in our own hearts. I long to share with as many as possible the joy and happiness of turning toward this inner universe. It is with that wish that I created the website titled "Let Us Learn Together Within the Circle of UTA."

For more than thirty years, while in the flesh, Tomekichi Taike conveyed to us the world of true vibration. Together with my companions, I now seek to carry forward that intent. Though he no longer bears a body, the conscious world of Tomekichi Taike continues unchanged—indeed, even more directly than before, urging us powerfully to move into the world of truth. Through vibration he keeps sending the message: Receive with your heart

the flow of consciousness that endures.

This flow of consciousness is the great plan to transcend dimensions. We, who have been reborn countless times into this three-dimensional world, are now nearing the time to leave it behind. It was the conscious world known as Tomekichi Taike that came to tell us this.

UTA: U stands for UFO, T for upheaval of the earth, A for Albert. The world of true vibration, though it need not take form, did so in this lifetime to convey the flow of consciousness to us in the third dimension. That form was the flesh of Tomekichi Taike. Through him, the vibration of truth was spoken to us. He told us: The time limit for the dimensional shift is 300 years.

And he also revealed: the consciousness that appeared in the flesh as Tomekichi Taike will again take on flesh shortly before that limit. That future flesh will bear the name Albert.

I, Kayo Shiokawa, have learned deeply in this lifetime together with the body of Tomekichi Taike and have received in my heart the flow of consciousness that leads to the shift of dimensions. Thus, in my long cycle of rebirth on this earth, only one incarnation remains: 250 years from now, when Albert appears in the flesh. For now, I still bear the body of Kayo Shiokawa, while the consciousness of Tomekichi Taike is without flesh. This is the state in which we now learn the world of consciousness.

Soon, the time will come to lay down my present body. Then, as pure consciousness, I will commune with the conscious world of Tomekichi Taike until the moment comes when I too take

flesh once again, in the same era, to witness the final stage of the third dimension.

Please feel with your heart that the plan of the flow of consciousness is unfolding smoothly, without hindrance. The flow of consciousness tells of dimensional shift—together with UFOs, together with upheavals, together with Albert. I urge you: step onto this great plan to transcend dimensions. Together, let us cross beyond. Let this lifetime's learning carry into your next, and let us surely transcend together. And together, let us return to our homeland—the embrace of the Mother Universe.

"The universe exists.
The universe is the joyful energy within our hearts.
That joyful energy is about to emerge in great magnitude.
Earth's upheavals are realities we cannot escape.
Receive them with joy.
We are the energy of joy returning home to the Mother Universe.
The Mother Universe calls us: Come back.

I will be faithful to this call, and I will spend the time ahead in alignment with it."